Ger. No nothing but our ſelves.
Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it ſteales away,
My father in his habit as he liv'd,
Looke where he goes, even now out at the portall. *Exit Ghoſt.*
Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodileſſe creation extaſie is very cunning in.
Ham. My pulſe as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthfull muſick: it is not madneſſe
That I have uttred, bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word, which madneſſe
Would gambole from. Mother, for love of grace
Lay not this flattering unction to your ſoule,
That not your treſpaſſe but my madneſſe ſpeakes;
It will but skin and filme the ulcerous place,
Whiles ranke corruption mining all within
Infects unſeene: confeſſe your ſelfe to heaven,
Repent what's paſt, avoid what is to come,
And doe not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
To make them ranker: forgive me this my vertue,
For in the fatneſſe of theſe purſie times
Vertue it ſelfe of vice muſt pardon begge,
Yea courb and wooe for leave to doe him good.
Ger. O *Hamlet*, thou haſt cleft my heart in twaine.
Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And leave the purer with the other halfe.
Goodnight, but goe not to my uncles bed,
Aſſume a vertue if you have it not,
That monſter cuſtome, who all ſenſe doth eat,
Of habits divell, is Angel yet in this,
That to the uſe of actions faire and good
He likewiſe gives a frocke or Livery:
That aptly is put on: refrain to night,
And that ſhall lend a kinde of eaſineſſe
To the next abſtinence, the next more eaſie;
For uſe almoſt can change the ſtampe of nature,
And maſter the Divell, or throw him out
With wondrous potency: Once more goodnight,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt

Ile bleſſing beg of you: for this ſame Lord
I doe repent, but heaven hath pleas'd it ſo,
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter:
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him; ſo againe good night.
I muſt be cruell onely to be kinde,
Thus bad begins, and worſe remaines behind.
One word more good Lady.
Ger. What ſhall I doe?
Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe
Let the blowt King tempt you to bed againe,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouſe,
And let him for a paire of reechy kiſſes,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſſe,
But mad in craft; 'twere good you let him know,
For who that's but Queen, faire, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddocke, from a Bat, a Gib,
Such deare concernings hide? who would doe ſo?
No, in deſpight of ſenſe and ſecrecie
Unpeg the basket on the houſes top,
Let the birds flye, and like the famous Ape,
To try concluſions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.
Ger. Be thou aſſur'd if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.
Ham. I muſt to England, you know that.
Ger. Alacke I had forgot,
'Tis ſo concluded on.
Ha. There's letters ſeal'd, & my two ſchool-fellows
Whom I will truſt as I will adders fang'd,
They beare the mandate, they muſt ſweep my way
And marſhall me to knavery; let it worke,
For 'tis the ſport, to have the Enginer
Hoiſt with his owne petar, an't ſhall goe hard